

The New York Times

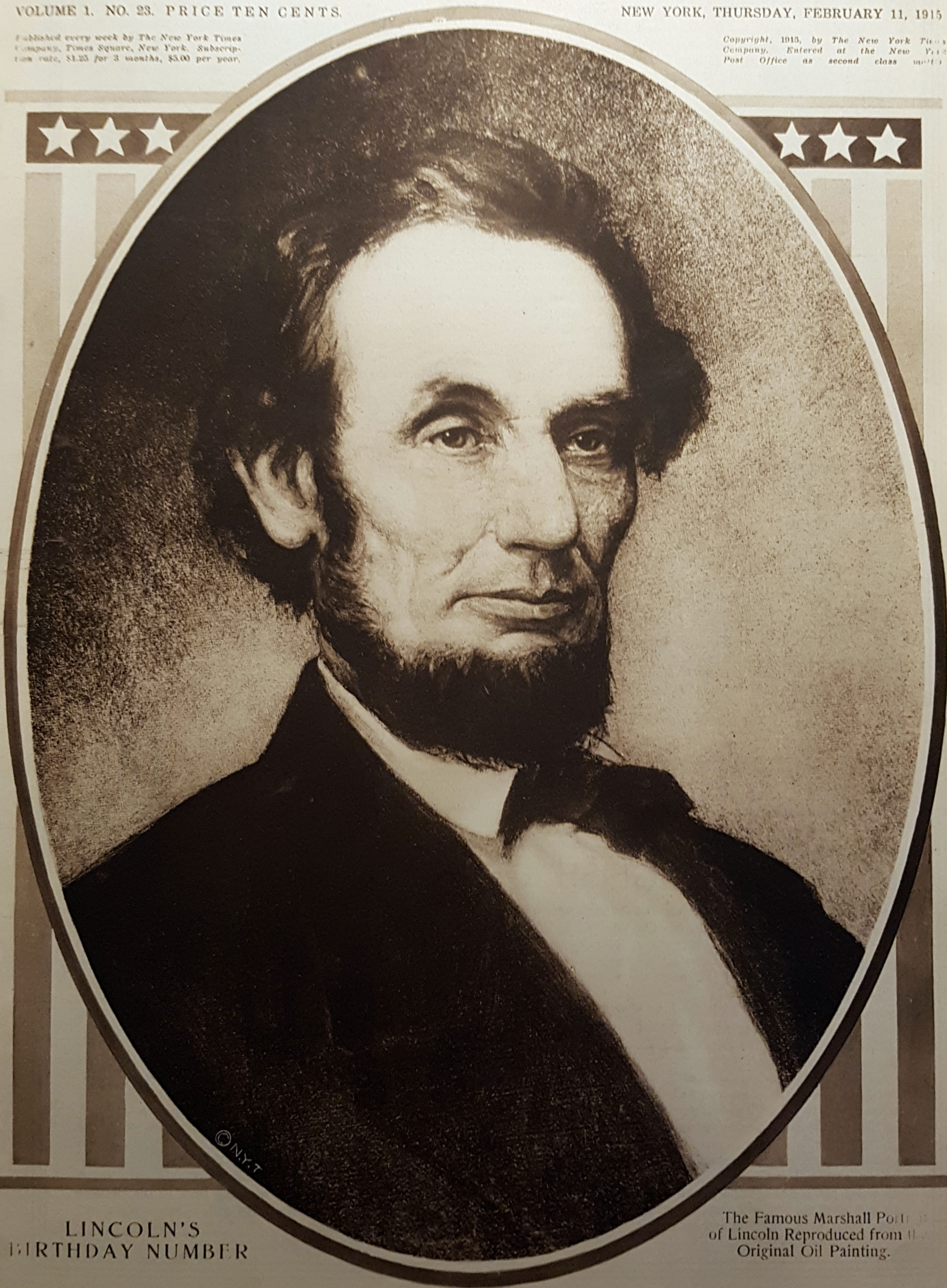
MID-WEEK PICTORIAL

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LINCOLN'S
BIRTHDAY NUMBER

The Famous Marshall Portrait
of Lincoln Reproduced from the
Original Oil Painting.

PEN PICTURES OF THE WAR.

IT is to be assumed that the sad stories coming in from the hospital and from the field do not differ very much from the stories told in all wars since Xenophon led the retreat of the Ten Thousand; for since Caesar made the Belgians figure as valorous for the first time, in war correspondence, it has been continuously obvious that there was no profit in that little country's opposing a militarist empire.

Nevertheless, it hurts people more than it used to. Men who were more or less hardened to the announcement that 20,000 people perished in an earthquake or that 1,500 died in a theatre fire can still wince when they hear that 3,000,000 have been slaughtered in an unnecessary war.

Most of the indignation about the violator of the rules of war comes from home. It is the stay-at-home Englishman who is all worked up about Belgian girls with their hands cut off—a form of brutality which simmers down to the vanishing point when it is investigated. The real atrocities have not been those of individual soldiers, but those of army commanders—army and navy commanders—the hurling of bombs on undefended cities, the punishment of hostages, the exaction of ransom, the raiding of harmless coasts, the burning of conquered towns. These are the real atrocities and the private soldier in the German army can plead not guilty to them.

A Story from the Trenches.

MEANWHILE, the real fighters—not the baby slayers, nor the house-burners—face each other in the trenches where frost and snow beat and where mud, half frozen, mires them to the ankle or the knee. We exhaust our sympathy for them; and yet it is doubtful if every man on either side of those ditches is not having the time of his life and will not to the end of his days bore the villagers with his reminiscences. Take, for example, this husky young engineer, who writes to *The London Times*:

My luck was in, for almost the first man I met was on his way to their headquarters—a sergeant who had been back to arrange about rations—a delightful Irishman who was as merry as a sand-boy, and who regaled me with long-winded yarns of their doings in the trenches, until we got near up and it was unwise to laugh too loud. It was

a piece of luck, because when I started out on this mission I was quite sure I was going to be in a devil of a funk, and when it was all over I was mighty surprised with myself to find I had been much too interested and amused by the Irishman really to take it in that there were bullets buzzing about; and it really didn't seem much worse than digging trenches on the hills with some of our fellows making rotten bad shots at the targets on the range near by. Of course there was a lot of noise of rattling rifle fire, but not nearly as much as at a public school field day when every boy has a score of rounds which he is intent on blazing off before the "cease fire" goes.

It is curious how soon even the most unnatural of conditions—war—drifts into a routine. We find a British cavalry officer writing to *The London Times* of the coming of the motor cycle down his company's street as if it had been a thing he had been used to all his life. "He waits," says the officer, "and after five minutes wriggles on his road, coughing and snorting and sparking, and is all right and you can go to sleep again." You see, it's simply a routine and a thing you have to get used to.

"Some old guy of a gunner" came along to inspect the corps, the cavalry officer says. "He was the funniest looking old cove you ever saw. . . . But it appears he knew what he was about, for he put one of the enemy's guns out of action with those four shots. He made me scream with laughing, but I hope he is going strong still."

The Human German.

JUST routine. Putting one of the enemy's guns out of action with four shots was an incident. The fact that it was done by a funny looking old cove was the only thing that impressed this officer's mind sufficiently to make it worth a letter home.

We hear mighty little from the German lines, because of the silly policy pursued in Berlin of bottling up every source of information. But from what does leak through, we gather the impression that the German soldier is just as frisky, good-tempered and full of life as the Englishman and the Frenchman. Why shouldn't he be? In most cases he is not over twenty-five years old, and unless his superior officers command him to line up and do the goose-step or sing "Die Wacht am Rhein" he is just as human as the Irishman, the Welsh-

man and the Scot singing "Good-bye, Piccadilly; farewell, Leicester Square. It's a long way to Tipperary," and the rest of it.

On New Year's day, according to what a private soldier writes to *The London Times*, the British yearning for sports could not be restrained. "The events," he says, "were quarter-mile, long jump, putting the weight, jockey race, tossing the caber, half mile, 100 yards (sergeants only), officers' race (about 300 yards), relay race, and tug-of-war (inter-company and between 1st and 4th)."

Run between the lines, of course, with the Germans looking on and not shooting. These Germans cannot be such devils after all. Still it would be worth something to figure on their stupefaction when they saw the mad Englishmen going through their insane gambols in front of the trenches. One is somehow reminded of Svengali's astonishment when he discovered that Taffy and Little Billee washed themselves every day. There is no close resemblance, but somehow there is a national difference.

Their New Year Greeting.

BUT the Germans are good fellows. It was 11 o'clock on December 31, but that meant midnight by English time. The Germans in front of the English trenches fired three volleys and gave three cheers. It was their New Year's greeting to the valiant little army confronting them. Some criminal lunatic early in the war circulated a lie to the effect that the Kaiser had ordered his men to crush "Sir John French's contemptible little army." He never issued such an order, and if he had his men would not have obeyed it. The proof is shown in the fraternizing of the British and German on the left of the Allied line. "They sent up heaps of search light rockets," says the soldier from whom we are quoting, "and so did we. They were all standing on the parapet and waving lights. They wished us a Happy New Year, and we did the same. They sang 'Deutschland Ueber Alles,' and 'Die Wacht am Rhein' over and over again. Later a band played. One of them came over to our trench with bottles of lager."

Good fellows! And the next day they murdered each other.

FROM AN ENGLISH OFFICER AT THE FRONT.

ON the following day I took the wagon of rations up three miles to the village where our men were quartered. Only a Zola would describe the scene—not a house intact, the most in ruins. The village had been composed of two rows of farms—in one I found five dead cows with the roof fallen upon them. I should think they had been there from the first bombardment, more than two months—a few dead natives about, dead cattle, &c. Our fellows were mostly covered with mud and wet through—the rifle bullets were coming in pretty thick at times, but no shell fire.

Two jars of rum I handed out were greeted with welcome shouts. I snugged the wagon and horses behind a ruined building and spent the day with our men in the ruins. Our second surgeon and his helper

were dining on a tin of bully beef when the butt end of a shell weighing about twelve pounds came through the roof and knocked the tin off the table. It was one of our shells which had fallen short, charge was defective, I suppose—those are the sort of little surprises one gets. The last three miles of road to that village were awful, plenty of shell holes which could not be seen, as the whole road was afloat with mud. Those holes I could see we took on the run, and never would have got through had we not had a jolly good team of four, all pullers and getting well into the collar on occasion. In one hole a mule cart was stuck. I couldn't wait, and how I missed him I don't know, but we took it fast and I don't think you could have put a sheet of paper between us. I had thirty-five hundredweight up too, marshes on

either side of the road all the way, and in places up to the axles in mud, which fortunately was thin and watery where deepest. Road covered with troops in reserve, and the accursed mule carts—I caught one on the back with my off wheel and sent it flying across a ditch, fortunately onto a bit of dry ground. * * *

The cold and wet are the hardest to support, and it is the severe weather conditions which test the best of men. I fancy that Welsh brigade rushed into fire with empty bellies, wet through with sweat and rain and lying in the swamp and trenches day and night. Those little Gurkhas—plucky little beggars—see 'em with swollen naked feet hobbling back to the trenches after a few hours' rest. They've had a very rough time. * * *



GENERAL VON EINEM.
Formerly the German Minister of War. He Was Elevated to the Rank of Commander on the Kaiser's Birthday.
(Photo © by Brown Bros.)

WITH THE POLISH LEGION IN THE CARPATHIANS



RED CROSS TRAIN OF THE POLISH LEGION ON THE MARCH IN THE CARPATHIANS.



POLES AT A FIELD MASS AT PASICZNA, GALICIA.



A REGIMENT OF THE POLISH LEGION LEAVING VIENNA FOR THE FRONT.

WITH THE POLISH LEGION IN THE CARPATHIANS

REPAIRING A GREAT CRIME

THE Poles, whether of Russian, German, or Austrian nationality, have a peculiar interest in the outcome of the great war. What their patriots have fought for through dismal centuries to achieve seems now to be in sight. On Aug. 15 the Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander in Chief of the Russian forces, issued a proclamation in the Polish language to all Poles of whatever nationality, promising to unite the dismembered portions of their country and guarantee them full liberty of language, religion, and self-government under the suzerainty of the Emperor of Russia.

NAPOLÉON'S PROMISE

Napoleon once made a similar promise, which was received with quite as much enthusiasm as has that of the Grand Duke. Napoleon's promise was not kept. Will the Grand Duke keep his? Very likely. The character of the Grand Duke is a good guarantee, but better guarantees are the absolute necessity for Russia to have an autonomous hinterland with strong Russian sympathies on her southwestern frontier and the opinion of the world which has taken the Grand Duke at his solemn word.

ORGANIZING THE LEGION

The annihilation of Polish independence 120 years ago has been compared to the present attempted annihilation of Belgian nationality. There is this difference, however: Poland became a victim of her own folly, which was obnoxious to her neighbors. She was the asylum for political refugees from all over Europe, and periodically hawked her crown to launch new conspiracies. Belgium is innocent alike of folly and of wrongdoing. Nevertheless, the dismemberment of Poland, wrought by Catherine and Frederick—both called Great—had been rightly regarded as the greatest crime in modern history.

Now that the crime is to be repaired, it is natural that the Poles themselves should wish to hasten the consummation thereof. We hear of Poles found among Prussian and Austrian prisoners who have eagerly embraced the cause of their Russian captors. But the most significant sign of all is that the Poles themselves wish to fight for their independence as a separate body, although at present co-operating with the Austrians—just as the Foreign and Italian Legions are operating under French direction in the western theatre of war. An expression of this sentiment has found material and romantic form in the organization of the Polish Legion.

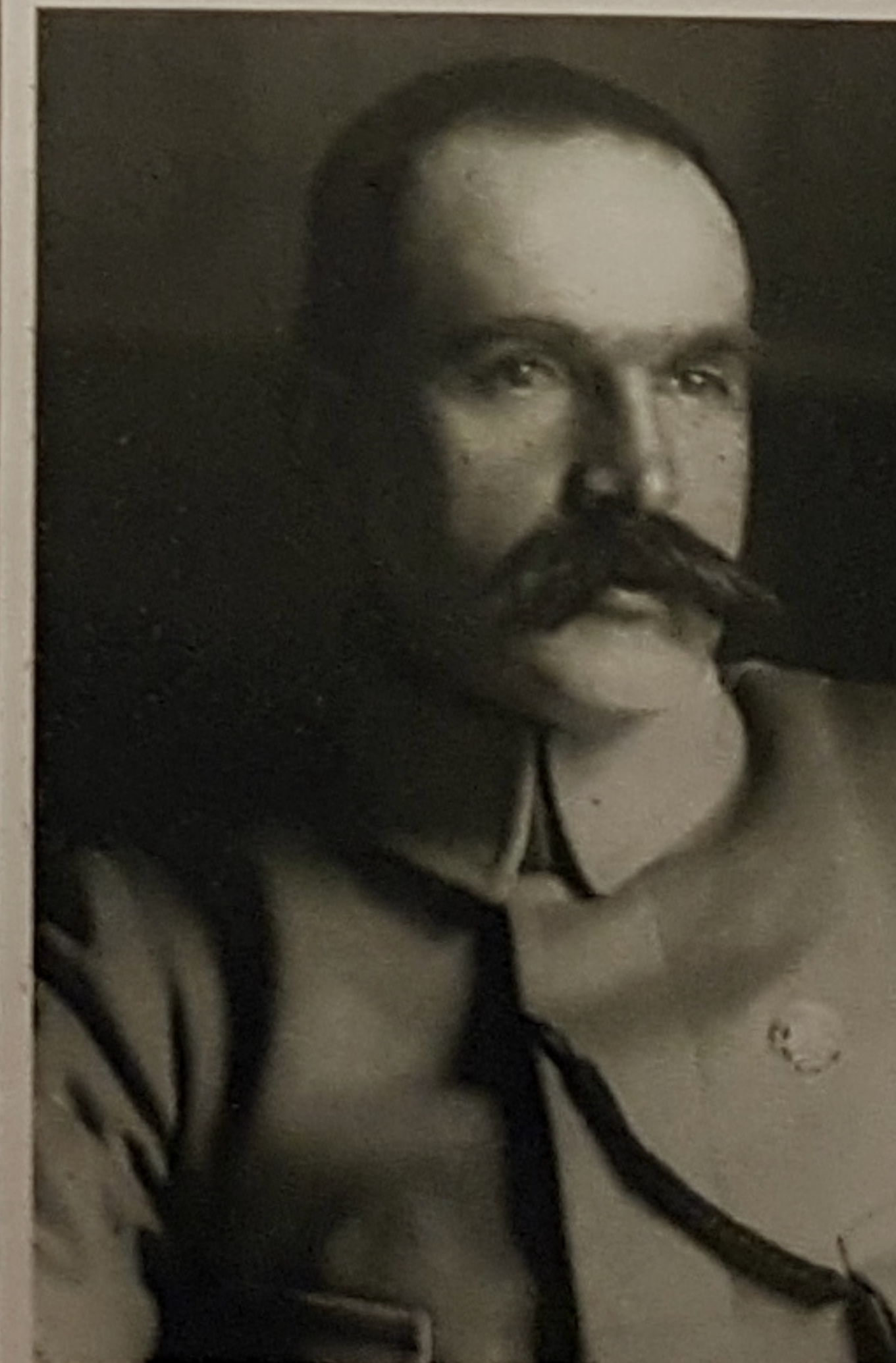
A REAL NATIONAL FORCE

This organization owes its inception to Ladislaw Stadnicki and its organization to Josef Pilsudski, who commands it. The latter is comparatively unknown, but Stadnicki is a name to conjure with. There was Stanislaus Stadnicki of the seventeenth century, who, according to his enemies, "had more crimes on his conscience than hairs on his head"; and there is Casimir Stadnicki, the historian of the Jagiellons. The Polish Legion resembles more the famous Thousand of Garibaldi, which won Sicily and Naples for the Italian Crown, than it does the foreign legions in France, for it is fighting for democratic ideals under the aegis of a monarchy.

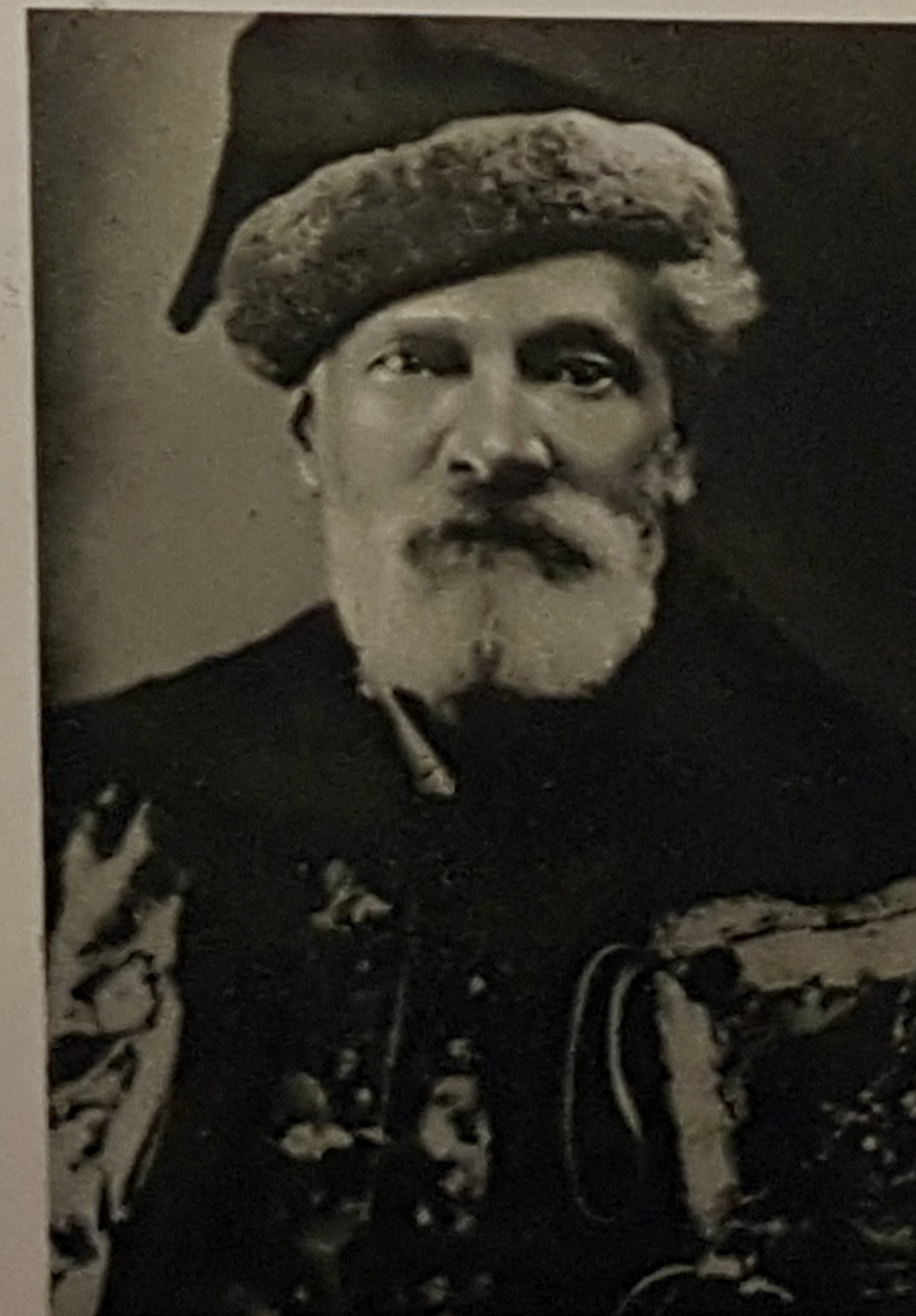
It is said that Poles of all classes—aristocrats, university professors and students, laborers and peasants—are joining this new national force, and that the Poles of America are preparing to see that they, too, are fittingly represented in it.



A CORDUROY ROAD EIGHTY MILES LONG BUILT BY THE POLISH LEGION IN THE CARPATHIANS.



JOSEF PILSUDZKI, Commander and Military Organizer of the Polish Legion.



COUNT LADISLAUS STADNICKI, Founder of the Polish Legion. (Photo from Engelbrecht.)

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT.



HOUSE IN KING'S LYNN, WHERE SEVERAL PERSONS WERE KILLED DURING THE GERMAN AIR RAID.

(Photo © by American Press Assn.)



ENGLISH PRISONERS IN THE GERMAN DETENTION CAMP AT DOBERITZ.

(Photo from Ruachin.)

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS FROM THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT.



A BRITISH GUN IN ACTION AT THE EDGE OF A WOOD IN FLANDERS.



HOUSES DESTROYED BY THE RUSSIAN BOMBARDMENT OF TANNENBERG.

(Photo from Berliner Illustrations Gesellschaft.)



DIGGING FOR BODIES IN THE TOWN OF CAPPELLA, ITALY, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.



REMOVING HOUSEHOLD GOODS FROM THE RUINS OF AVEZZANO.
(Photos © by International News Service.)



CITIZENS OF AVEZZANO AMONG THE RUINS OF THEIR HOMES.

EARTHQUAKE AND WAR

WHEN in the second week in January the towns in the great farming district of central Italy were devastated by an earthquake with a loss of 35,000 killed and 50,000 injured, and with thousands of homes destroyed and market places rendered desolate, the question was naturally asked: What effect will this calamity have on Italy's preparations for war? As to the earthquake being a divine inspiration, Italian superstitious opinion has been divided. Some look upon it as a warning to keep out of the struggle; others regard it as a hint to enter it without further delay; others as a token of what Italy must be prepared to suffer in order to maintain her place in the sun.

The Government itself utilized its practical aspect. The troops who were training in neighboring regions were at once sent to the scene of the disaster; and war supplies, including food, clothing, camp outfits, and even money were at once diverted to relieve the suffering. Thus, if Italy had not been preparing for war, relief could not possibly have been so well-ordered and effective.

As to the Italian press, the news of the calamity passed like a shadow for a week over its first page. Then articles about the war and the country's renewed preparedness again took the lead, with such headlines as "Von Buelow Working Hard to Preserve Neutrality," "Rumania Will Enter the War When Italy Gives the Word," "Austrians and Germans Massing in Trentino and Trieste," etc. In a fortnight earthquake reports concerned only relief funds and the measures taken to rebuild the fallen towns.

Meanwhile the Government has threatened Turkey with an ultimatum on account of the arrest of a British consul under the roof of an Italian consul, has made a sharp reply to Vienna who had objected to the Italian occupation of Avlona, in Albania, and has called under the colors certain classes of the third category of recruits particularly devised for home defense. And last, but not least, foreign firms who had contracted to furnish war material have been ordered to make their deliveries "not later than March 1."



A RUINED STREET IN AVEZZANO SHOWING THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY.



ITALIAN MILITARY DOCTORS AT WORK AT PEKINA AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.
(Photos © by International News Service.)



INDIAN TROOPS ENTRENCHED IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT SANDS WAITING FOR THE TURKS



THE SNOW-COVERED BATTLEFIELD OF PARKOSCOWICE, WITH GRAVES OF DEAD SOLDIERS IN THE DISTANCE.

(Photo from Leipziger Presse-Bureau.)



RUSSIANS IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE LOMZA, IN POLAND.

(Photo © by American Press Assn.)

WAR-GIRT SWITZERLAND

Switzerland Under Arms

THE conditions forced upon the Republic of Switzerland by the war are quite as trying and expensive, possibly more hazardous, than those afflicting the Netherlands. Switzerland is not obliged to take care of thousands of interned belligerents, but her geographical situation as well as the diverse racial distinctions of her people make her position extremely delicate, particularly when viewed in the light of her national status, which is identical to Belgium's.

Her perpetual neutrality was guaranteed by Prussia, Austria, Russia, Great Britain, and Portugal, but not by France, in 1815. She maintains this status by means of a national militia, service in which is both compulsory and universal. This militia, which in normal times costs the State hardly \$7,000,000 a year, has for the last six months been mobilized to the number of 140,000 at an expense of over \$10,000,000, to say nothing of the loss in wages to the men so enrolled. It is a very effective little army, made up of men who love the rifle and life in the open, and its infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers are particularly fashioned to operate in a mountainous country. There is hardly a Swiss landscape that does not picture in some way the feats of these Alpine soldiers.

The unit of the militia is the company organized by the cantonal authorities, who may promote officers up to the rank of Captain. The higher appointments are made by the Federal Government. The semi-annual manoeuvres resemble the gathering of rifle clubs or the "May training" of the New England militia before it became nationalized.

Switzerland's army, however, is not drawn from an absolutely homogeneous people. Of the population of nearly 4,000,000 over one-half live in German-speaking cantons and possess German sympathies and ideals; French origin and influence are represented by cantons containing 800,000 inhabitants; Italian communities account for over 300,000, and Romansch for about 40,000.

Thus, although apparently secure amid her mountains, Switzerland's eternal vigilance must be directed both without and within, and the price she is paying for it is great indeed.



SWISS INFANTRY PATROLLING THE FRONTIER

(Photo from Paul Thompson.)



SWISS SEARCHLIGHT STATION ON THE FRENCH BORDER.

(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)



A GLIMPSE OF THE UNRIVALLED BEAUTY OF THE MOUNTAINS, LAKES, AND VILLAGES IN VAL D'AOSTA, SWITZERLAND. AT LAVAL-DE-RECHEN.
(Copyright 1915 by N. Y. Times)

WAR-GIRT SWITZERLAND



A COLUMN OF SWISS INFANTRY AT LAKE LUCENDRO.



Swiss Observation Tower and Telephone Station on the French Frontier.
(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)



German Troops on the Swiss-German Frontier at the Boundary Post in Baden.
(Photos from American Press Ass'n.)

WAR-GIRT SWITZERLAND



The Alps Form the Natural Barrier That Keeps Switzerland Practically Safe from Invasion.
The Picture Shows the Grand Mulets Near the Summit of Mont Blanc.



THE MADERANER-TAL, A PICTURESQUE VALLEY INCLOSED BY LOFTY MOUNTAINS.
(Photos from C. L. Anb.)

EGYPT FACES TURKISH INVASION

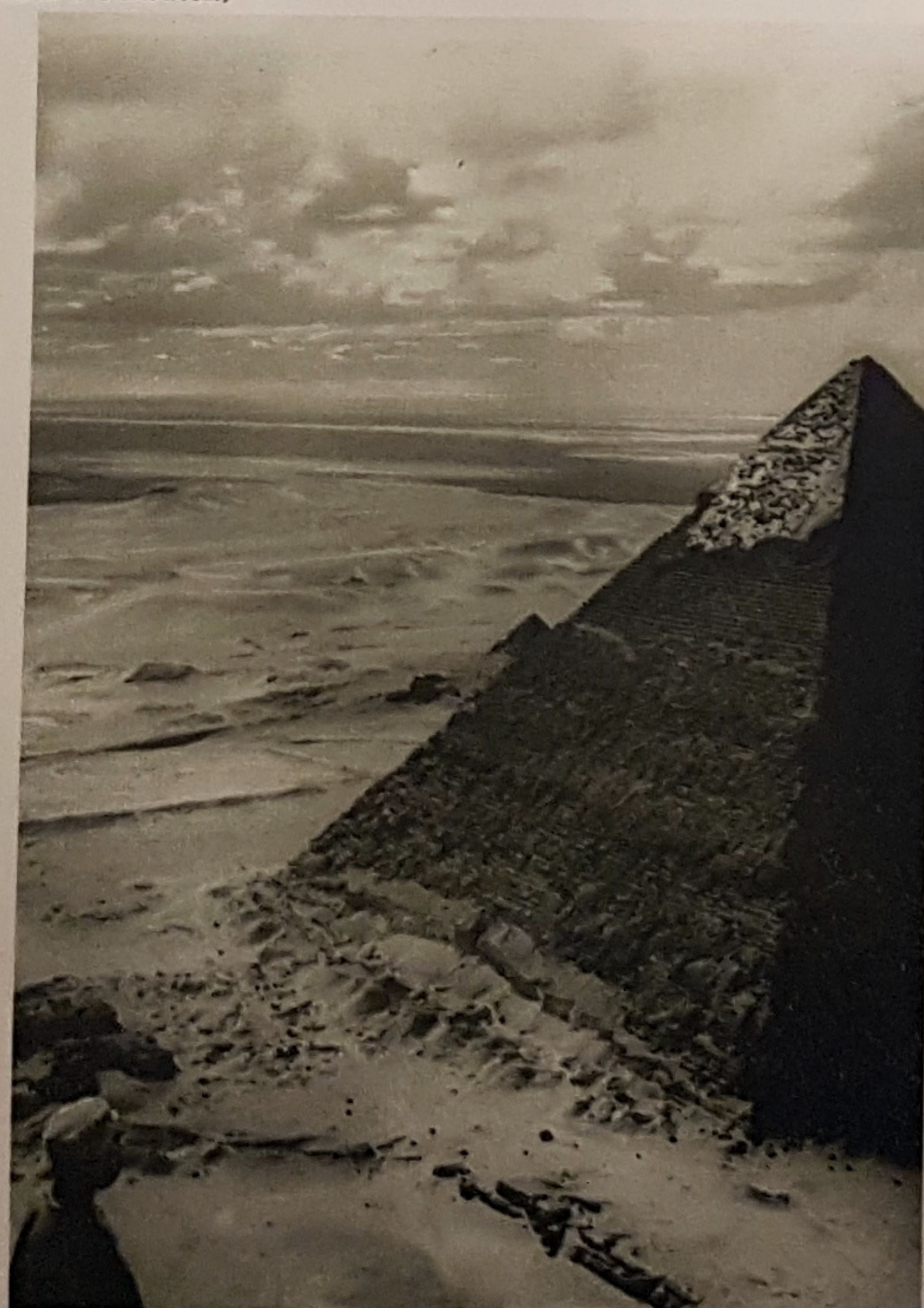


BRITISH COLONIALS ENCAMPED NEAR THE PYRAMIDS ARRANGING A CAMEL RACE.

(Photos © by Underwood & Underwood.)



A GENERAL VIEW OF CAIRO, THE CAPITAL OF EGYPT.



AN EGYPTIAN VISTA FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE GREAT PYRAMID OF GIZH.

EGYPT FACES TURKISH INVASION
Suez Canal Appears Safe

THE three objectives sought by Turkey when she entered the war in early November were the invasion of the Caucasus, so as to force Russia to diminish her front in Poland and Galicia; the occupation of the Russian sphere in Persia; and, most important of all, the destruction of the Suez Canal with or without the capture of Egypt.

This last while making a strong sentimental and religious appeal to the Turk was of immediate and vital concern to her allies, for the canal binds the British Empire of the west with her Indian and island empires of the east.

There have, of late, been many reports about the Turks being massed under German officers beyond the hinterland of Sinai, which lies east of the canal, and exchanges of shots are said to have taken place between outposts. The exact force under England in Egypt is not known, except that there is the famous camel corps, with thousands of Indian troops and colonials, including the Australian Light Horse, all of whom are accustomed to the nature of the land.

No particulars, however, of these human defenses are necessary when one appreciates Egypt's natural defenses. From its northern coast along the Mediterranean to its southern point projecting into the Red Sea, between the Gulf of Suez and the Gulf of Akabah, Sinai is about 140 miles long; it is about as broad from the Suez Canal to the Syrian-Turkish frontier. The northern half is a sandy waste known as the Desert of Eltihi. The southern half is filled with barren mountains famous in Bible history. Along the eastern shore of the Gulf of Suez and the eastern bank of the canal is a line of natural earthworks as invulnerable as any dug by the spade.

Sinai may be crossed by only two caravan routes: one runs west from Akabah, at the head of the gulf of that name, to Suez; the other skirts the Mediterranean from Rafa to a point on the canal thirty-five miles south of Port Said. Neither route can be used by the Turks, for Akabah is in possession of the British and the northern trail is within easy cannon shot of the Mediterranean. As the Turks have no warships with which to enfilade defensive lines the canal seems safe.



THE SUEZ CANAL AT PORT SAID, EGYPT.



An Egyptian Shaduf, the Oldest of Well Sweeps, Lifting the Nile Waters to the Fields.



ASSUAN AND THE ISLAND OF ELEPHANTINE.

(Photos © by Underwood & Underwood.)



The Latest Photograph of the Kaiser, Waiting for His Troops to Pass in Review Somewhere Near the German Battle Front.



WINTER HUTS HIDDEN IN THE BELGIAN TRENCHES IN FLANDERS.
(Photo © by Underwood & Underwood.)



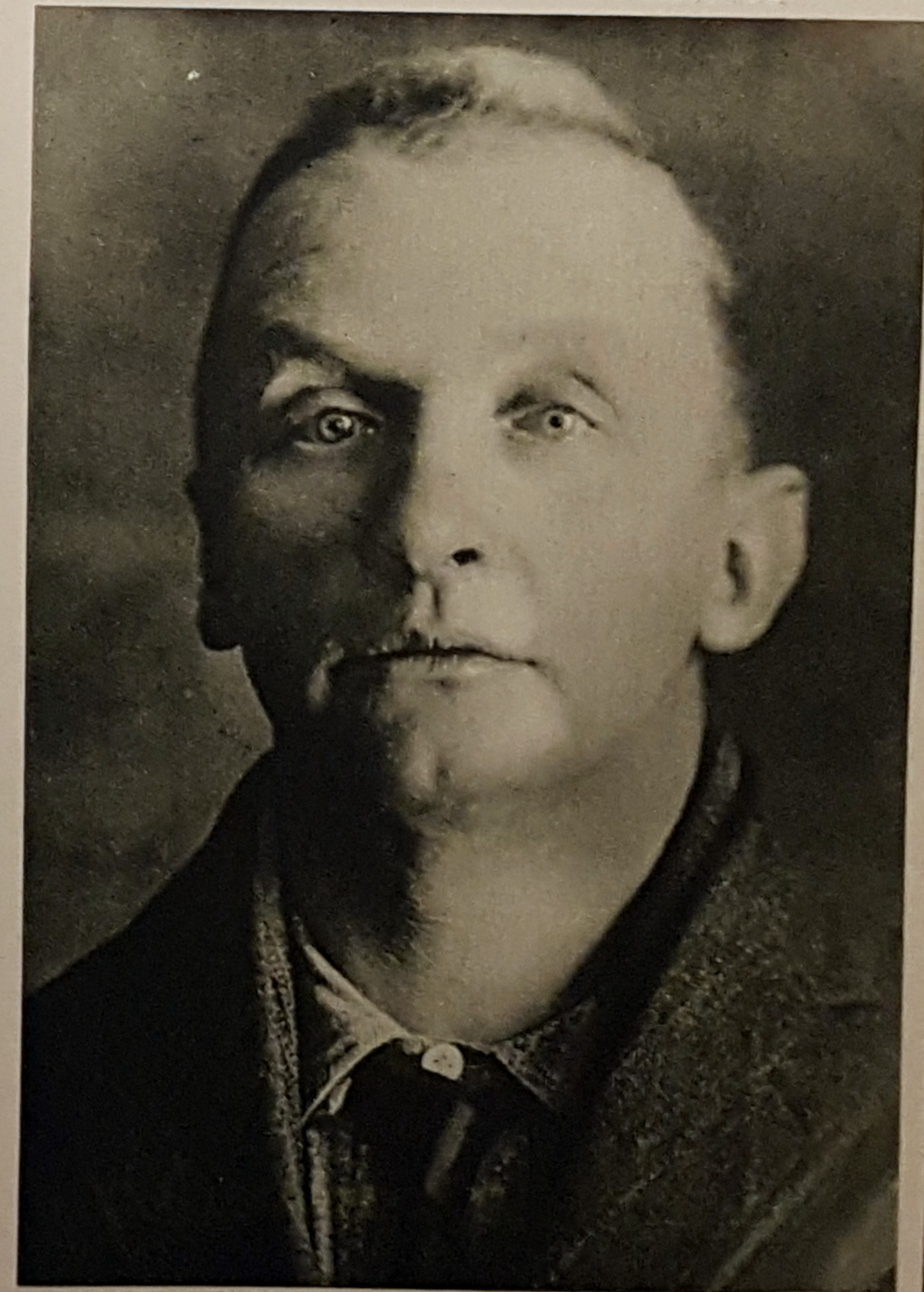
Von Kessel, (in front,) Representing the Kaiser at the Funeral of Anton von Werner, the Great German Painter. He Is Followed by von Werner's Son, Who Was Released from Field Duty to Attend the Funeral.
(Photo from Paul Thompson.)



RUSSIAN PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE AUSTRIAN DEFENDERS OF PRZEMYSL.



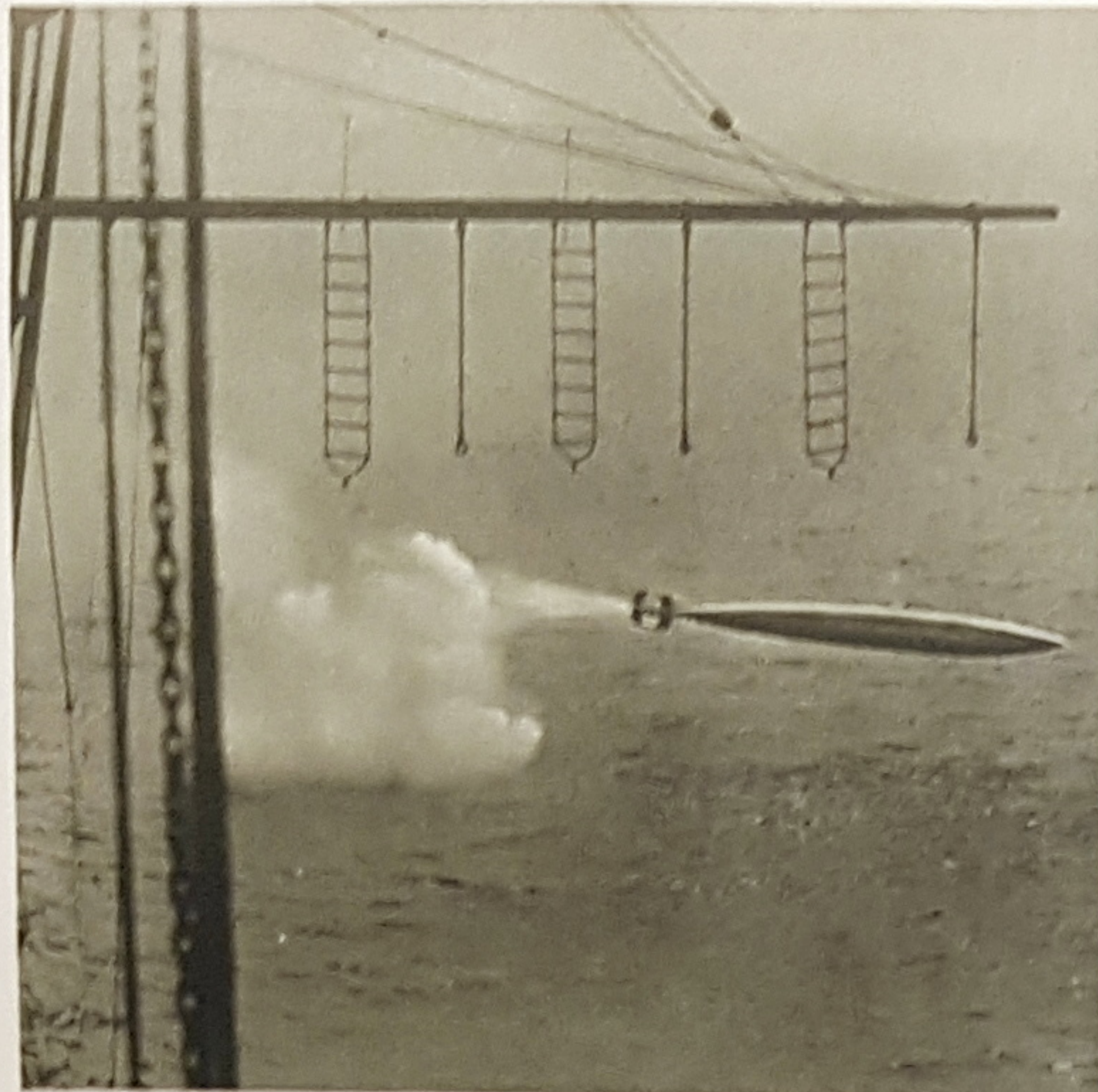
Grand Duke Alexander Nicolaievitch, a Brother-in-Law of the Czar, Killed in Battle of Aserbeidschan, Persia.
(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)



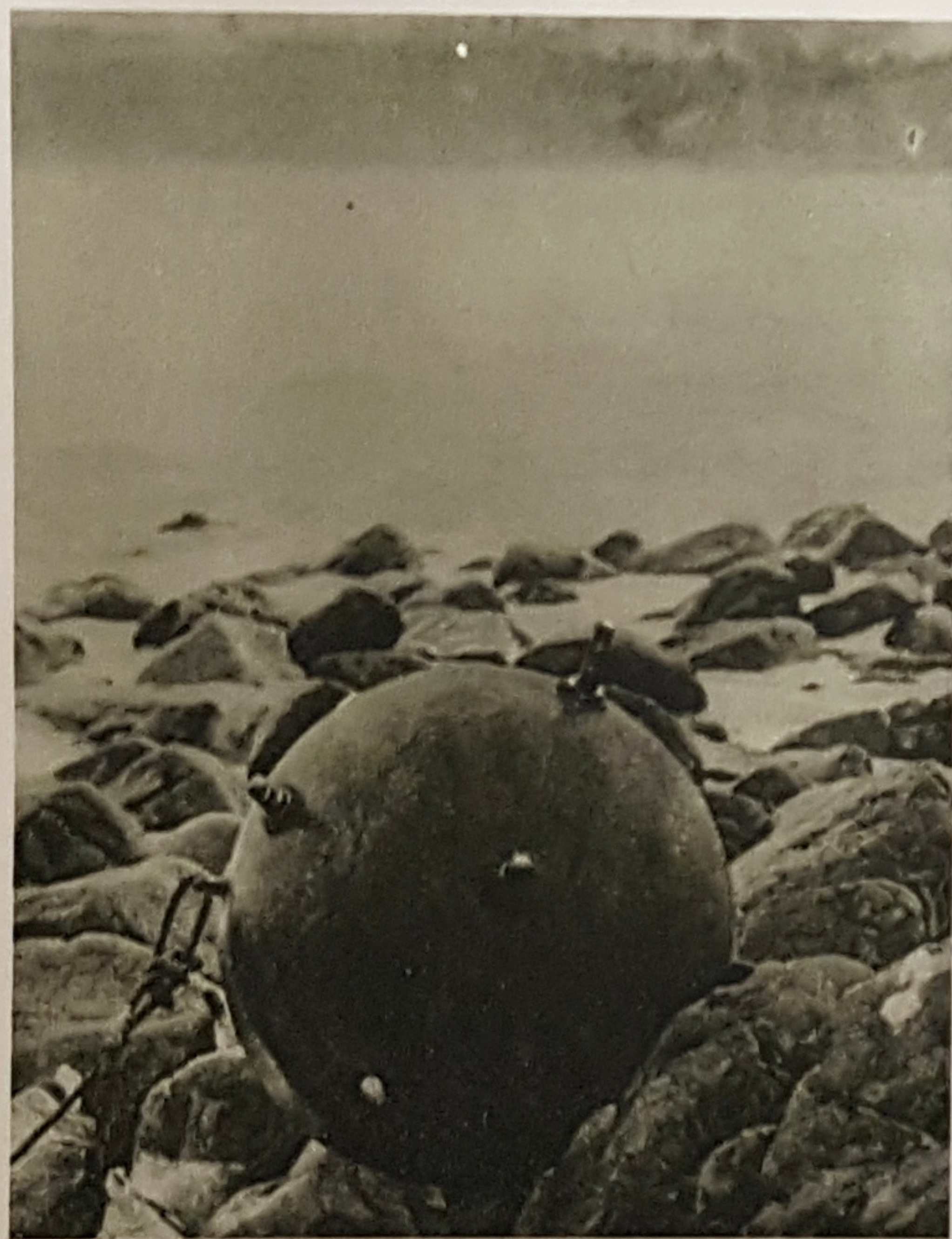
Werner Horn, Who Attempted to Blow Up the International Bridge at Vanceboro, Maine.
(Photo © by Underwood & Underwood.)



THE EFFECT OF A TORPEDO
EXPLOSION.



A Remarkable Photograph of a Torpedo Leaving
the Side of a Warship.
(Photos from C. L. Aub.)



A Floating Mine Washed Ashore
on the English Coast.
(Photo © by International News Service.)

NEW FORCES DEVELOPED TO WAGE WAR IN AIR AND WATER

BOMBS and torpedoes as well as their chief engines of propulsion, aircraft and submarines, have undergone many changes and improvements in the first six months of the war. Nor has the submarine mine been neglected. In the Italo-Turkish war of 1911-1912 the bombs dropped by the Italian aviators in Turkish camps created more consternation than death. In the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-1905 only one warship—the Russian Petropavlovski—was actually sunk by a torpedo, while the very war itself had its inception by the fearless invasion of the mine-strewn harbor of Port Arthur by a Japanese flotilla of destroyers, which withdrew comparatively unharmed. What a contrast to the present situation! Bombs and torpedoes are no longer loaded with lyddite,

cordite, or gun cotton, which merely scattered within a small area, but with "Trotty," which pulverizes through a radius of 200 feet. Their detonators, too, are more effectively devised. Even the torpedoes of cruisers and dreadnoughts are now rarely launched above water, but launched under the water, and their course directed by a gyroscopic attachment and sometimes even by Hertzian waves.

Their size, too, has changed and there is now little resemblance between the primitive Whitehead torpedo and the deadly German "Schwartzkopf" with its 21.5-inch diameter, its bursting charge of 300 pounds of "Trotty," and its automatically directed range of 7,500 yards. As to the mines, their potentialities would be sufficiently illustrated by the security felt by the German fleet behind Heligoland, without mentioning the many merchant ships of the many countries which have been their prey.

Then, too, from the French aeroplanes are dropped

"les fleches," or arrows, pencil-like shafts pointed and fluted so as to assure direct flight, which have been known to pass through man and horse. And like the hydroaeroplanes of the British Naval Air Service, which are said to have wrought havoc at the Zeppelin works at Friedrichshafen last November, the Zeppelin itself can now descend to and rise from the water.

Still, the super-Zeppelin has yet to prove its value as a war engine. On paper it is very formidable with its cargo of 50 bombs, each capable of doing the damage of a 16-inch naval shell; its platform on which are mounted machine guns, its three motors of 800-horse power, its crew of 30 officers and men, and its active area of 3,000 miles.

An enormous rigid envelope of 18 compartments filled with hydrogen supports this craft, and this envelope is 140 meters long and 15 in diameter.



ZEPPELIN L-2, THE TYPE OF AIRSHIP THAT DROPPED BOMBS ON THE ENGLISH COAST TOWNS.



SANDRINGHAM, THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY SEAT OF KING GEORGE, WHICH ESCAPED
THE BOMBS OF THE GERMAN AIR RAIDERS ON JAN. 19.
(Photos © by International News Service)

ADMIRALS OF THE BRITISH NAVY



ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE
LE CLERC EGERTON,
Commander in Chief at Plymouth.



ADMIRAL
SIR A. G. H. W. MOORE.
(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)



ADMIRAL
R. ANSTRUTHER.



ADMIRAL
A. L. WINSLOW.



ADMIRAL
H. G. KING HALL.



ADMIRAL
SIR A. D. FANSHAW.



AN ARTILLERY TRENCH IN SERBIA AFTER THE AUSTRIAN RETREAT.
(Photo © by American Press Assn.)

New York Times Current History of the European War

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Former Ambassador to Great Britain, writes:

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THE NEW YORK TIMES
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GERMAN SOLDIERS LEAVING A HAY LOFT USED AS A BARRACKS IN FRANCE

(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)